

HOW IT ALL CAME ABOUT.

(By Anna Schields)

Well, ma'am, it was quite a story, but I never felt free to tell it to anybody before; but since you are so anxious to know about it, I'll tell you how it all came about. Them fine embroidered and the yard of crimping's off my mind now, and if you'll take a chair I'll talk and rest a bit.

You'll hardly believe me, seeing what a heap Miss Sanderson thinks of me now, that is only a little over a year since I first knew her, but it is just so. It all came about through Jim. Jim's my only son, ma'am, and he's been better'n two year a tow-boy on the horse cars.

You don't know what a tow-boy is? Well, ma'am, it's the boy that has charge of an extra horse to pull the cars up hill. From five in the morning till three in the afternoon Jim's going up hill with a car, or down hill to meet one. He's a good, steady boy, and his wages are a great help, seeing I am not strong enough for heavy washing, and fine ain't always to be had.

Well, ma'am, about fifteen months back, Jim, not being well used to the horse as he is now, fell off and broke his arm. He came home, and the pain threw him into a fever, and he was very bad for quite a long spell. It was when he was lying very sick that one day I heard a knock, and opened the door for the prettiest young lady ever my two eyes saw. She was about eighteen, as white as one of my fine linen collars newly ironed, with the prettiest touch of pink in her cheeks. Her eyes were as blue as the china cup you see on the shelf yonder, and her hair as fine and yellow as corn silk. She was dressed plain, but everything she wore was of the finest quality, and fitted as if it had grown upon her slender little figure.

"Are you Mrs. McArdle?" she asked me.

"Yes, Miss," I said, hoping it was fine washing she wanted done.

"I heard to-day," she said, "that my best scholar in Sunday-school had met with an accident. You are James McArdle's mother, are you not?"

"Yes, Miss," I said. "Will you walk in? and thank you kindly for calling."

She came in and I told her all about poor Jim, and she gave me a basket she had for him, with some fruit and flowers all fixed in it like a picture. Not as if it was charity, you see, for we've never come to that ma'am, though I am not saying we haven't been pretty hard pushed sometimes. But as I was saying, the basket was as pretty and delicate as if it was for a fine lady instead of a little tow-boy, that had got hurt earning his day's wages.

After that she came often and often, bringing Jim books and little tempting things to eat, and sitting to talk with him, and always as merry as a child, though she was a lady—every inch of her.

Then, when Jim was getting better, and the care of him a little off my hands, she asked me to do up her fine things, and her papa's shirts as if it was a favor I was doing her, telling me how particular she was, and the trouble it was to her to get suited in fine washing.

Well, ma'am, not to make too long a story, after Jim got well, I went to the house twice a week to get the washing and take it back, and I always saw Miss Emma. It was a grand house, with parlors like a hotel, and wide staircases, and great bedrooms splendidly furnished. And Miss Emma had no mother, but was the mistress of it all.

I was all taken back the first time I saw her pa, for he was as rough as she was gentle, and looked more like a laboring man than a fine gentleman, for all his fine clothes. But he was very prompt topay, and always had a pleasant word for me about the beautiful ironing of his shirts and cuffs. And though I say it as shouldn't, you might go a long way to find prettier linen than I took up every week to Mr. Sanderson's. But after a bit I noticed that Miss Emma was losing her pretty smile and merry words, and was pale, and often red-eyed, as if she had been crying.

Jim, who was seeing her, you mind, every Sunday, he told me he noticed it, too. We, though we knew our place too well to say a word, were very sorry for there was a trouble somewhere, we were very sure.

One night, Jim, while he was eating his supper, heaves a great sigh, and says he to me:

"I think I know what ails our Miss Emma, mother," says he.

"What makes you think so?" says I. Jim's a master hand, ma'am, to read, and he gets the papers often that's left in the cars, and reads the stories, or maybe he wouldn't notice what he did.

"Why mother," said he, "there was a gentleman used to come with Miss Emma to church. I've seen him often, but he never comes to the Sunday-school, only to church. He wore diamond studs, and shiny boots and a silk hat—a regular swell; and she used to look as pleased as a baby with a toy when he was with her. Well, he hasn't been to church for more'n a month, and I'm thinking he has lost his money and her pa's sent him off."

I pooh-poohed that and told Jim he was silly, and didn't show what he was talking about. But he says:

"You didn't hear me out mother. To-day there was a new conductor on 32, and it was Miss Emma's beau, Mr. Thatcher!"

Well, I did stare, and was sure Jim was mistaken, but he said he'd know Mr. Thatcher anywhere, and he was sure that was him. We talked about it a long time, but you see there was nothing we could do, and I thought Jim was right, after all, and maybe Miss Emma's pa had sent the poor fellow off, when he lost his money.

It was, maybe two weeks after that or three, that one day Mr. Sanderson came to the house all in a flutter. Miss Emma was sick with typhoid fever, and they wanted a nurse, and she wanted that nurse to be me. Dear, dear, but I was flustered; but I sent Jim to his aunt Jane's to board and shut up the rooms, and went off to the grand house.

Poor Miss Emma! We nearly lost her, though her pa had the best doctors, and I nursed her faithful. She took the fever visiting one of her other Sunday-school scholars, and she was not very strong anytime, so she took it very hard. One day when she was very bad I heard her ask her father;

"Papa, where is Harry?"

"I don't know," he said.

Then he began to tell her something

in a very low voice, and I went down stairs to make lemonade, not to hear what wasn't meant for me. The young lady was very sad all that day, and I mistrusted she cried, when no one was watching her.

It was none of my business to interfere, but I fretted more'n a little about what Jim had told me, and wondering if Mr. Thatcher was Harry. I couldn't ask Jim because I would not let him come near me for fear of the fever. Miss Emma was so weak, too, I didn't dare for her life say anything to excite her, and so I held my tongue till the fever took a turn and she began to get better.

It was up hill work then with us, for she was weak as a baby, and didn't seem to care to get well. She had to be coaxed to eat or to try her strength, and was willing to lie quiet all day, which ain't natural in young folks after long sickness. Most times they are in too great a hurry, and throw themselves back again.

The doctor said she wanted rousing. So one day, after she had her bit of toast, and a little bird nicely browned, with the best cup of chocolate I could make, I coaxed her to sit up a bit in a great arm-chair. When I had her all comfortable, I said:

"Miss Emma, I've been wanting to tell you something for a long time, but I was afraid you'd think I was stepping out of my place."

"I should never think anything unkind of my dear, good nurse," says she, and slipped her little thin hand in mine so loving it made the tears come in my eyes.

"Well, Miss," I said, "if you won't think it impertinence, I'll tell you. Jim told me that he saw Mr. Thatcher in the cars a bit before you was taken sick, and—well, Miss, don't feel too bad about it—he was a conductor."

I was afraid she would faint, ma'am, and cry. I was never so took aback in my life as I was at the way she acted. She sat right up in her chair and clapped her two little hands together, and just laughed like a child. All the merry light that was gone so long from her eyes came back.

"Oh, you dear, darling nurse," she said to me, "I could just kiss you, and I will."

And she did.

"How did he look?" she asked me.

"Jim said he looked very grave, and as if he had some care on his mind," I told her, "and he had none of his fine clothes on, but a gray suit and a slouch hat."

She laughed again at this.

"And did he take the fares just like any other conductor, and ring the bell?"

The idea of that tickled her so much that she had to laugh again. I suppose I looked as astonished as I was, for pretty soon she said:

"Now, for your good news, you shall know all about it. I suppose you guessed," and she got rosy red, "that Harry and I were lovers!"

"Jim suspected it!" I said.

"Jim has sharp eyes! Now you must know first, dear nurse, that my father, though he is a very rich man now, was as poor a boy as Jim is, and he made all his money by hard work. So he has a great contempt for young men who do nothing. He thinks every man in this country, rich or poor, should have some honest work to do, and do it. Money is often lost, you know, nurse, and if a man is too fine to work he may starve."

"Indeed, that's so!" I said.

"Harry—Mr. Thatcher—nurse, had a large fortune left him by his father, when he was a boy, and he never did a day's work of any kind in all his life. I did not know why he stopped coming to see me, and—well, I will tell you—I felt ashamed and sorry, for I thought he did not care for me as I had thought, while I did love him. Of course, nurse, nobody knew that, and nobody ever should know it, only that you have told me such good news to-day. When I was so very sick I asked father where Harry was, for I knew he saw him the very last time he was here. Then he told me that Harry came that day to ask if he might marry me if I loved him. He told papa that he was rich, and we knew that he is an honorable, good man. Then papa told him that he would never give me to an idle man."

"When you can show me three months' honestly earned wages, from your own work, I will let you court my child!"

"That was what papa said to him. He thought he was angry, for he turned on his heel and went out of the house without any answer. But he is earning his wages to show papa!"

She was as happy as a bird after that; getting well so fast that the doctor wondered, and so did her father, for we kept our secret, and Mr. Sanderson never guessed what made Miss Emma so merry.

When Jim could come without any danger from the fever, Miss Emma sent for him, and then she made him tell her how the new conductor looked, and all about him.

"Is it real hard work, Jim?" she asked.

"It is, indeed, Miss; early and late, and in all weathers. But Mr. Thatcher stands it first rate, though he is burnt some."

Then Miss Emma made Jim remember the very day Mr. Thatcher went on the cars first, and noted down the day on a card. She would not let me go for several weeks, paying me big wages all the time, as if it was just hard nursing like the first.

So I was still there when the three months were over, and if I hadn't known I should have guessed there was something Miss Emma expected that day.

She dressed herself in a new white organdie, as fine as a hair, with a little blue sprig all over it, and she put on a blue ribbon under her lace collar and in her hair. She couldn't settle down to read or sew, but just fidgeted about all the morning.

"I know Harry will come to-day," she whispered to me.

And sure enough, he did come. Miss Emma was in the large parlors and I was fussing about there, too, knowing all the time she was keeping me busy there just for company. Mr. Sanderson's private sitting-room is off the parlors, and we heard somebody go the whole length of the hall and knock at his door. Miss Emma took hold of me, all rosy and trembling, and then we heard a man's voice say:

"There, Mr. Sanderson, are three month's wages, honestly earned by hard work. And here is a letter from my employers recommending me for sobriety, industry and honesty."

"Well done!" we heard Mr. Sanderson say.

"You will find Emma in the parlor."

I went out at one door just as Harry Thatcher came in at another, diamond studs, shiny boots and all.

Well, ma'am, that is all there is to tell, except that the wedding is to-morrow, and I am to go up all day and help the housekeeper. Every bit of the fine linen and embroidery I have done up myself, and it would do your heart good to see the piles of it, fluted and crimped fit for a queen.

Jim, he's got a holiday, too, to go to the church, and the Sunday school class have ordered a beautiful basket of flowers that Jim is to present to the bride.

And I hope you'll excuse me no now, ma'am, as I've told you the whole story, and there's cuffs and collars to do up for Jim, and a power of odds and ends I must attend to for Miss Emma's wedding day to-morrow.

THE MOUNTAIN METROPOLIS.

Sketches From Asheville—The Internal Revenue Showa up—A Hotel is for Its Guests, Not for Looters—The A. L. I. to go to Richmond.

(Special Cor. of STATE CHRONICLE.)

ASHEVILLE, N. C., May 12, 1890.

Federal court convened here last Tuesday evening, Judge Dick presiding.

The docket for this term is much larger than usual, although most of the cases are trivial. An unusually large crowd has been in attendance and all kinds and sorts compose it. A number of Indians are present with their handsome chief, Smith, looking after their interests. Judge Dick has been pretty severe, fining all of the miscreants \$100 and costs, with imprisonment from three to six months. If anyone wishes to become an "out and out" opponent of the internal revenue tax on whiskey, he certainly ought to attend a session of a Federal court. He will be convinced; no argument will be needed.

Judge Dick makes a good Judge, does his duty carefully and conscientiously, and enforces the law. I recently saw a youth sixteen years old fined \$100 and imprisoned three months for exchanging a pint of whiskey for a pocket knife valued at fifteen cents. This was his first offence, but the law must be enforced.

The recent decision in the Supreme court of Steele vs. Woodberry has been talked about quite extensively. There is a town ordinance to the effect that any person who makes himself disagreeable around the hotels or boarding-houses by drumming for livery wagons, laundries, etc., can be fined. Sometime ago, the liverymen decided to make a test case of the ordinance and selected Battery Park as the place of attack. The matter was tried before Mayor Blanton, then went before the criminal court and finally to the Supreme court. Then it was decided that the ordinance is constitutional. By this decision, a hotel is a place for its guests. Any person who is disagreeable, or a loafer, or as a livery drummer, or at all interferes with the pleasure of the guests or obstructs the business of the hotel can be fined. A liveryman thought he would test the law on Friday and was fined \$25 by the mayor.

Street paving is progressing rapidly. Gen. Young has about 100 hands engaged in tearing up South Main street, preparing for the pavement. The pavement is to consist of brick. A good many object to the brick, saying it is not strong enough. The committee which was recently appointed to visit cities in which this kind of pavement is used, recommended it and say it will answer all purposes. The streets are to be paved with brick, while granite is to be used on Court Place.

The Asheville Light Infantry will attend the unveiling of the Lee Monument.

They will have thirty in ranks. Their Military Fair on Thursday and Friday night was quite a success. Your correspondent reading the article about the encampment, interviewed several of the company as to whether they preferred Wrightsville or Morehead city. They all prefer the latter, a number declaring that they will not attend the ENCAMPMENT IF IT IS HELD AT WRIGHTSVILLE.

THE TWENTIETH.

The Preparations Going Forward—A Great Celebration in Prospect.

(Charlotte Chronicle.)

The time for the 20th of May celebration is drawing near, and Charlotte is getting ready for it, some forward steps being taken every day. When the time arrives, Charlotte will be ready for the grandest celebration Charlotte has ever given. H. C. Eccles yesterday received the following telegram from Senator Z. B. Vance:

"Ransom and I will be there. The flags go forward to-morrow. Hope to get a speaker by Monday."

The flags are the same ones used in the celebration of 1882. They are the largest United States flags in existence, and will greatly add to the attractions of the celebration.

Hon. Leroy F. Youmans, of Columbia, S. C., an eloquent speaker, has been invited to be present and deliver an address.

The material for a grand display of fireworks arrived yesterday. The fireworks will be one of the chief attractions, and will be well worth coming to see.

The ball committee appointed by the North State Club held a meeting yesterday, and decided to supplement the ball with a banquet. The ball and banquet will be at the Pleasure Club Rooms, on the night of the 20th, and promises to be one of the most notable affairs of the kind ever given in the State. The elegantly engraved invitation cards will be out in a few days.

The parade on the 20th will be immense. It will be made up of eight or ten military companies, with as many fire companies; the Mecklenburg and Guilford Battle-Ground Continentals; a number of bands and other organizations; floats representing over forty business houses and factories, and will be led by the city police on horseback.

One of the most attractive floats to appear in the procession will be that containing the following thirteen young people representing the thirteen original States: Hamilton Wilson, Misses Nellie Tate, Saidie and Marion Clarkson, Anna Locke Hutchinson, Lottie Moffitt, Annie Parks Hutchinson, Ella McAden, Saidie Jones, Mary Wilson, Saidie Young, Grace Ahrens and Lillian Smith.

THE NORTH CAROLINA STEEL AND IRON CO.

GREENSBORO, N. C.

OFFICERS: President, James A. Odell; Vice-President, Julian S. Carr; General Manager, J. J. Newman; Treasurer, S. H. Wiley; Secretary, Chas. D. Benbow; Financial Agent, Robert T. Gray; Attorney, Theo. F. Klutz. EXECUTIVE AND FINANCE COMMITTEE—James A. Odell, D. W. C. Benbow, Julius A. Gray. DIRECTORS—A. B. Andrews, Second Vice-President R. & D. R. Co., Raleigh; James A. Odell, President Odell Hardware Co., Greensboro, N. C.; Julius A. Gray, President Cape Fear & Yadkin Valley Railway Company, Greensboro, N. C.; Theo. F. Klutz, Attorney-at-Law, and President Yadkin Railroad Company, Salisbury, N. C.; Julian S. Carr, President Blackwell's Durham Tobacco Company, Durham, N. C.; D. W. C. Benbow, Greensboro, N. C., Robert T. Gray, Attorney-at-Law, Raleigh, N. C.

The Company owns the Famous "Ore Hill" Property, in Chatham Co., N. C., that has been noted as an iron property for more than a century. Ores from it were used in the manufacture of iron during the Revolutionary war. During the late civil war the Confederate Government selected this locality as the site of large iron and ordinance works, because of the exceptionally high grade of its ores. The lack of railroad facilities has made impossible, hitherto, the profitable utilization of these ores on any large scale. The locality is now, however, made accessible by the Cape Fear and Yadkin Valley Railroad, which passes through the property.

Some of the most noted iron men in America have examined and reported on these ores, and so far as the directors of this company know, there has never been an expert report on it that was not highly favorable. Prof. Chas. D. Wilber, inspector of mines and mineral lands, formerly State Geologist of Illinois and mining expert for the Northern Pacific R. R., visited Ore Hill in 1884. Extracts from his report and the opinions of Dr. E. Emmons, formerly State Geologist of North Carolina; Prof. W. C. Kerr, State Geologist; Prof. F. A. Genth, of Philadelphia; S. A. Richards, formerly Superintendent of the Joliet Steel Company; Mr. Thomas Graham, a prominent iron manufacturer of Philadelphia, and others, are published in the Company's prospectus.

The "Manufacturer's Record," of Baltimore, having learned of the proposed organization of this company, investigated, on its own account, the Ore Hill tract. The report of the expert, Mr. Thomas P. Williams, M. E., is also given in the prospectus.

The company recently employed Mr. Frederick H. Smith, of Baltimore, a noted mining engineer and mineralogist, to examine the property. His report confirms all that had been claimed, and he advised the company to build the furnaces. Mr. Smith is a man of such eminence in his profession that it would be superfluous to make any mention of the value of his report. He is a member of the American Society of Civil Engineers, a member of the American Institute of Mining Engineers.

One for the furnaces will be brought from Pocahontas, 245 miles, by the Norfolk & Western and Cape Fear & Valley Railroads, which will connect at the State line near Mount Airy, N. C.

In the organization of the company the projectors had in view:

FIRST—The building of furnaces for the manufacture of iron and steel and ultimately the building of rolling mills and other industries for the utilization of the product of the furnaces.

SECOND—The acquisition of a considerable area of land around the locality that might be selected as the site of the furnaces, in order that the company might itself enjoy the results of its own work, by getting the benefit of the increase in real estate values that would follow the establishment of furnaces and other industries.

THIRD—The inauguration of a general development and town-building enterprise, starting with an attempt to secure the location on its property, of iron, wood, textile and other industries, thus bringing together an aggregation of factories and stores, and a continually increasing population, with the resulting need for land for business and resident purposes.

Greensboro, the location of the North Carolina Steel and Iron Works, has a population now of 7,000, is the capital of Guilford County. It is the junction of three railroads. It is most favorably situated and climate genial and healthful. It has already 37 industrial institutions and 100 wholesale and retail stores. During the past five years Greensboro has doubled in population.

No effort has ever been made to stimulate its growth beyond the usual exertions of legitimate business. It is beyond all question the most central, healthy and desirable location for all kinds of trade and manufacturing as any spot in the United States.

TOWN SITE PROPERTY.

Before announcing its purpose, the Company, through its agents, secured options on about 2,500 acres of very desirable property adjacent to Greensboro, some of it being within the corporate limits, and the whole of it being in an almost solid body. About 1,500 acres have already been purchased, and the remainder is being taken up as the options expire. The whole of it has been secured at an average price of \$35.00 an acre. This is no more than has been paid for the town site lands on which most of the industrial towns of the South have been built up, and in comparison with which this has the immeasurable advantages of

EXTENSIVE RAILROAD CONNECTIONS

And facilities unexcelled by any of them; an active, progressive town of 7,000 to start with. Water works, gas works, electric light works, paved streets, churches and schools, elegant houses, an established society, and all the attractions that pertain to an old community.

THE SURVEY of the Town Lots is now progressing, and it is expected that the Company will have a sale of lots in May. Extra inducements will be offered by the Company to any kind of industry that will locate on the Company's lands, and

MANUFACTURING SITES

Will be donated. Greensboro is destined to equal any of the Southern towns in push, energy and success. It is confidently expected that there will be 25,000 inhabitants here in five years.

LAND SALES Judging from the experience of other development enterprises, it would seem to be within a reasonable and conservative limit to expect within two years to realize from sales of lots, covering a comparatively small part of the total area of land purchased, an aggregate sum

Equal to the Capital Stock of the Company.

This, when added to the expected profit from the Company's furnaces and other works, makes the opening for the investment of capital one of the most inviting that has been presented to the public since the beginning of the present industrial era in the South.

THE COMPANY WILL BUILD AT ONCE TWO 75 TON FURNACES,

—ONE TO MAKE—

BESSEMER IRON AND THE OTHER MILL AND FOUNDRY IRON.

SUCCESS There is no doubt as to the success of the Company. This is purely a North Carolina industry, and there is no reason why the State cannot become one of the great iron producers of the country. People of North Carolina! Look at what your sister States are doing. You can do as well, if not better, if you will only have confidence in what you have got. Subscribe liberally to the stock and trust the men who are at the head of the Company.

Their names alone is a sufficient guarantee as to the reliability and successful management; this, also, backed by the fostering interests of the Cape Fear & Yadkin Valley, and Richmond & Danville Railroads.

THE CAPITAL STOCK OF THE COMPANY IS \$1,000,000.

Large subscriptions have already been received at par. None of the stock will be sold at less than par. The proceeds will go into the Treasury, to be used for development purposes, with a view to making valuable the company lands. It is probable that when one-half the stock (\$500,000) has been subscribed for, the books will be closed until after the first land sale. For particulars as to time of payment, &c., address

THE COMPANY,

GREENSBORO, N. C.